

*Emil.* By that you would have pittie in another,  
By your owne vertues infinite.

*Hip.* By valour,  
By all the chaste nights I have ever pleas'd you.

*Thes.* These are strange Conjurings. (our dangers,

*Per.* Nay then Ile in too: By all our friendship Sir, by all  
By all you love most, warres; and this sweet Lady.

*Emil.* By that you would have trembled to deny  
A blushing Maide.

*Hip.* By your owne eyes: By strength  
In which you swore I went beyond all women,  
Almost all men, and yet I yeelded *Thesens*.

*Per.* To crowne all this; By your most noble soule  
Which cannot want due mercie, I beg first.

*Hip.* Next heare my prayers.

*Emil.* Last let me intreate Sir.

*Per.* For mercy.

*Hip.* Mercy.

*Emil.* Mercy on these Princes.

*Thes.* Ye make my faith reele: Say I felt  
Compassion to'em both, how would you place it?

*Emil.* Vpon their lives: But with their banishments.

*Thes.* You are a right woman, Sister: you have pittie,  
But want the vnderstanding where to use it.  
If you desire their lives, invent a way  
Safer then banishment: Can these two live  
And have the agony of love about 'em,  
And not kill one another? Every day  
The yld fight about you; howrely bring your honour  
In publique question with their Swords; Be wise then  
And here forget 'em; it concernes your credit,  
And my oth equally: I have said they die,  
Better they fall by th' law, then one another.  
Bow not my honor.

*Emil.* O my noble Brother,  
That oth was rashly made, and in your anger,  
Your reason will not hold it, if such vowes  
Stand for expresse will, all the world must perish.

Beside

Beside, I have and  
Of more authoritie

Not made in passion

*Thes.* What is

*Per.* Urge it home

*Emil.* That you

Fie for my modestie

I tie you to your

Thinke how you

(For now I am se

To all but your c

Might breed the r

Shall anything ch

That were a cruel

The straight yong

Because they may

The goodly Moth

And all the longin

If your vow stand

And in their funer

Despise my cruelty

Till I am nothing

For heavens sake

*Thes.* On what

*Emil.* Swear'e

To make me their

To tread upon thy

Where ever they

*Pal.* Ile be cut a

Before I take this

O all ye gods dispi

I not mislike, so we

Our Swords, and ca

But take our lives

And for that love,

On any peece the

*Thes.* Will you

Take these conditi